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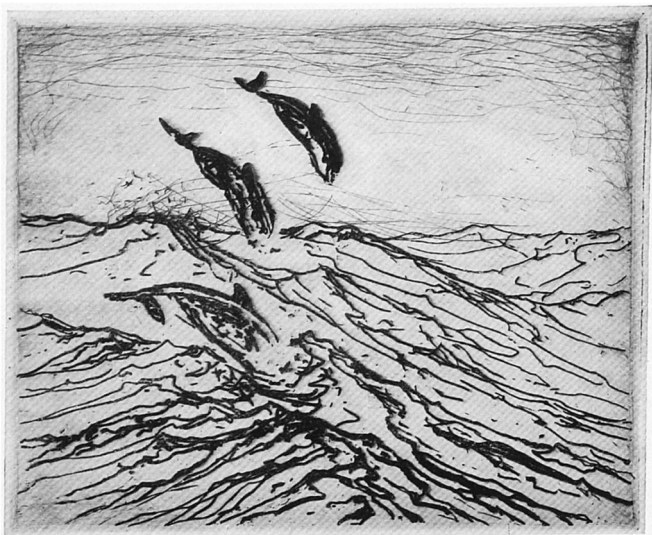
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PORPOISES

CHARLES H. WOODBURY

CHARLES H. WOODBURY'S ETCHINGS

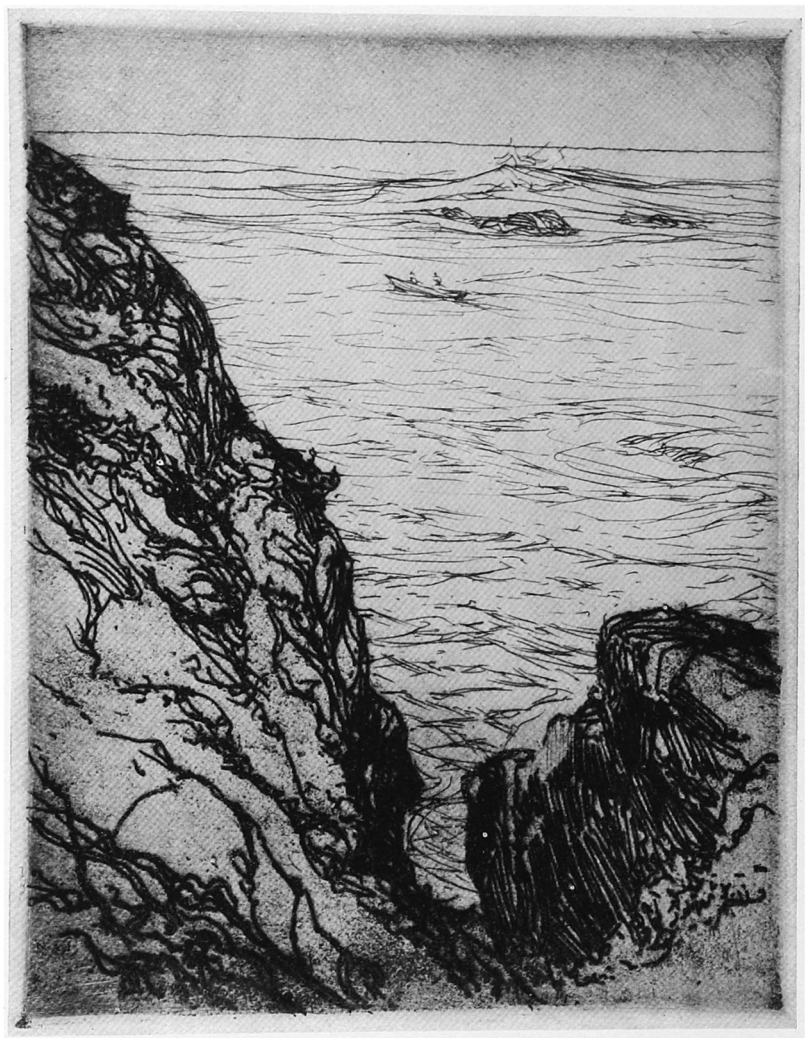
MR. CHARLES H. WOODBURY is much better known as a painter than as an etcher and many that are familiar with his paintings will be surprised to learn that he does etch, but those who have had the privilege of examining his etchings either in his studio or in the Print Division of the Library of Congress, where a comprehensive group of them has recently been exhibited, know that he is to be numbered among the foremost etchers of our time if not of all time.

In the exhibition at the Library of Congress there were fifty-six prints, the majority of which were made at Ogunquit, Maine, where the artist spends the greater part of the year, and at which place in summer he conducts a school of outdoor painting.

The sea and mountains have for some years been Mr. Woodbury's favorite themes. There is a kinship between these two great manifestations of nature both in sense of vastness and strength, and this Mr. Woodbury has felt very keenly and interpreted in his paintings. It is this

same feeling which is to be found in his etchings and even in a more impressive form. An etching always seems to be the essence of things felt but unsaid, and thus these etchings of Mr. Woodbury's are really eloquent. He pictures the stern rock-bound coast of Maine with a few lines and gives an adequate impression of its bold grandeur; with a few more lines he brings before our vision the open sea and awakens the same sensibility that the limitless, restless waves themselves may have stirred; he gives a picture of the mountain tops, and the observer is bound to comprehend their lofty stateliness; or he presents a scene on the beach, and instantly one is transported to the gayest center of an American summer resort.

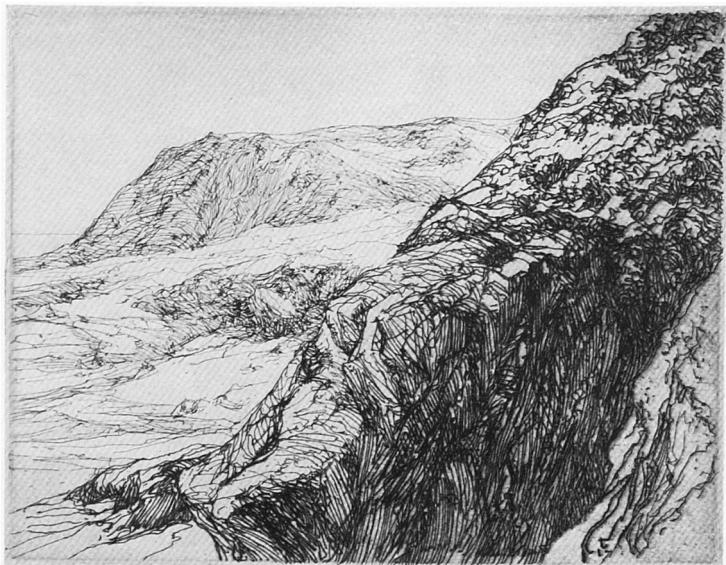
And what is most interesting is that all this is accomplished with rather rugged lines and almost rude simplicity. This is something more than skill; it is mastery and of a kind which is rare. Here is a man with the artist's vision who has something to say and knows how to say it. His way is his own and his message is very



THE COVE

CHARLES H. WOODBURY

AN ETCHING



MAINE COAST

CHARLES H. WOODBURY



NORTHWEST WIND

CHARLES H. WOODBURY



HEADLAND

CHARLES H. WOODBURY



THE BATH HOUR

CHARLES H. WOODBURY

worth while. This is modern art, and art which is essentially American; it is vital, forceful and sincere. In one of these etchings no larger than a man's hand there is as much as in a painting many feet in dimensions—indeed, much more than in most paintings.

Mr. Woodbury was born in Lynn, Mass., in 1864, and studied first at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and then in Paris. He has received numerous medals

of honor, among the latest of which was a gold medal for oil paintings and a medal of honor for water colors at the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

Through the courtesy of Mr. Woodbury we are able to reproduce herewith several examples of his etchings from which our readers will be able to derive a much better understanding of their interest and value than could be given in words no matter how well chosen. L. M.

A UNIQUE TEXTILE EXHIBIT

IN NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

BUT a few short months ago to say, on any educational subject, "Thus they do in Germany," was to gain respectful and interested attention. Nowadays, among a considerable class of excited citizens, the response appears to be, "Then thus we will not do." Our problem is, evidently, to emulate Germany's virtues and avoid her faults—which, after all, is but one variety of a problem universal.

In Germany, in days of peace, they know the one industry exhibit, and they have tested its value. John Cotton Dana, of Newark, N. J., has followed with wise emulation. The Newark Museum, at present ensconced under the Free Public Library tent, and bidding fair like the proverbial camel to crowd the owners out, displayed during February and the first half of March, its second annual, one industry, one state exhibit. Last year it was pottery—"The Clay Products of New Jersey." This year it was fibres and all that is made thereof—"The Textiles of New Jersey." The exhibit of 1915 was most beautiful; the exhibit of 1916 was more beautiful, if a comparative can be built on a surplative.

Down the middle of the great room, on the fourth floor, built originally for an auditorium, but transferred from the ministry of hearing to that of sight, ran a raised platform, where sat rival spinners and weavers—a Greek woman, spinning as did Penelope's maidens, with crude distaff and spindle, and the modern counter-

part of a Colonial dame with treadle and flyer, an upright and a horizontal loom, with reeds a-clanking as the shuttles flew.

The whole history of fibre preparation was told in four great cases, by picture, diagram, map and specimen. The cotton plant bore bloom and boll at once; the Egyptian camel plowed up the overflow of the Nile; the Southern mammy fetched in baskets the product of her day's picking; the bale was pressed, sliver and rove were carded, and the factory turned out its finished thread for warp, or filling. Next came the story of the flax. Classes of school children from New York or Arlington, the Oranges, or from Newark itself, gazed at the stately seed-crowned plant, timidly felt the rough points of the comb on which it was hackled, compared the blond tresses of some Swedish or Dutch classmate with the hanging flax or tow, and drew their own comparisons between the discipline of the breaking machine and of human life. The wool case showed the steps by which the merino sheep makes his contribution to the comfort of mankind, and the case of cocoons told how the moth yields its life that we may walk in silk attire.

One end of the room was splendid with Jersey-made aniline dyes, and there the visitor learned why Oriental rugs, though old, retain their charm, and why our silk merchants mourn the loss of German trade.

Around the room were shimmering specimens of the best of New Jersey textiles,